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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, APRIL 21, 1904. NUMBER 8

THE MINER AND CHILD.

BY C. J. MULLIGAN, CHICAGO.

(See Page 119)

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Notes 115
An Affirmative Creed.—E. P. P. 117
Editorial Wanderings.—J. LL. J. 118
Did You Ever Hear an English Sparrow Sing?—BERTHA JOHNSTON 119
A New Browning Poem—A Miniature 119
Tolstoy's Favorite Walk in Moscow 119

THE PULPIT— PAGE
What Can Be Done Against Pulmonary Consumption?—Dr E. J. KUH 120

THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes.—E. P. P. 125

THE FIELD—
Infinitude.—WALTER S. BOGART 126
Rev. Lorin Cone Collins 126
Ward Lamson 126
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 126
Peace Society Progress 127

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A SERMON OF TOWER HILL.

Text.—When as a boy Emerson went with his brother William to the Maine woods, he wrote to his Aunt Mary that he found enjoyment there, but not inspiration. "You should have gone alone," the sybil answered, and now he went to the woods near his door to find her words true.

From Biographical Sketch, Volume I., of the New Centenary Edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A vacation that gives enjoyment but no inspiration is disappointing; it is a lost opportunity. The rest that does not recreate is always followed by weariness; it is only one step further toward decay. To carry to the country a trunk full of city "duds" saturated with the restlessness, social consciousness and ambitions connected therewith, is simply to continue city life under more trying circumstances.

Tower Hill offers an opportunity for solitude; its pine tree sings the Emerson song:

> "Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
> My hours are paceful centuries."

Its hillside wears the simple flowers that give the Wordsworth message:

> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Its cows, pigs, chickens and cabbages lend themselves to Whitman poetry:

> "And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven."

The human life seeks the simplicities and the sincerities of John Ruskin and the happy vigor of Robert Browning.

Yes, there is room for golf, tennis, basket-ball, etc., etc., and the Wisconsin river is at hand for boating, fishing and swimming, but you do not want to put in all your time in pastimes. With the hills to yourself, with the quiet and the companionship conducive to the reading of good books, without hurry and without compulsion, golf appears a city affectation. Soon the river will look best from the hilltop with its thirty miles and more of horizon line, and you are willing to let most of the fish stay in the water, as they probably would anyhow.

Yes, Tower Hill invites boys and girls. It has proved its power to win the love of such, to make them glad they are there, and they leave it with regret, and have a longing to return. This is probably because the hill is genuine; it does not flatter; it does not excite; it simply welcomes and adopts.

Yes; it has a summer school, but it lasts but five weeks out of the eleven, and it is a school that exacts no tasks. It is a school that for fourteen years has tempted and delighted mothers, teachers of private, public and Sunday-schools, preachers, professors, boys and girls, young men and women, and the aged.

This year the early life of man, the "Beginnings" of the home, the church and the state will be studied graphically, with the help of picture, parable, chart and blackboard, and, on certain evenings, science, literature and religion will be presented and illustrated by lecture and lantern. All the time the master bards will be invoked. Beetle and butterfly, fern and fungi, birds, rocks and trees, represent the open book of Tower Hill "which he who runs may read."

No! Life at Tower Hill is not somber, neither is it silly; it is not dull, nor yet is it frivolous. It believes that the vacation days are too valuable to be idled away, too sacred to be wasted, and that they offer the indispensable opportunity to teacher, parent, preacher and student to regain strength, renew energy, and re-furnish the mind.

Tower Hill offers wholesome accommodation at minimum prices. It tries to put good air, good water, good food and good company at the disposal of children and adults, the weary and the vigorous. It seeks to demonstrate that the sensible life is more economic than the fashionable; that simplicity is not only helpful but cheap; that it is possible to go to the woods to find *inspiration* and not simple *enjoyment*.

For further comment on this Sermon of Tower Hill write to ***Jenkin Lloyd Jones,*** 3939 *Langley avenue, Chicago.*

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF TOWER HILL.

The Encampment continues from July 1 to September 19. Summer School, from July 17 to August 20, inclusive.

Rent of room in long house, $3 per week; $20 for the season. Tents, per week, from $2 up, according to size. Board at dining room, $4 per week.

Registration fee for the Summer School, covering all exercises, $5. Evening lectures for the season, $1. Single admission, 25 cents.

Round trip ticket from Chicago to Spring Green, special resort rates, $8.04. Bus fare from Spring Green to Tower Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents. Buckboard carrying five and driver, 25 cents each per hour.

Board and care of horse and buggy, $10 per month.

A limited number of cottages available for the season.

Spring Green, three miles from Tower Hill, is the railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and about 175 miles from Chcago.

For terms and further particulars address **MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN,** 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904. NUMBER 8

Dr. Hirsch in a recent sermon struck off some wholesome suggestions to the home-maker when he said that "the training of girls is the saddest part of our social system, because mothers too often urge upon them womanhood at the expense of girlhood." He traced the evolution of the "society belle" at the expense of the play and the dirt and the "hopscotch" freedom and spontaneity necessary to the development of the wholesome woman.

Already the far-seeing Chicagoan is beginning to suffer from a premonition of the annual agony and danger that come around with each Fourth of July. It has been suggested that the new Lake Front Park be given over to a general illumination and conflagration. If that part of the city alone were to "blaze" on the Fourth, it would be both a wise and an economic arrangement. Anyway the desire to limit the dominion of the fire-cracker is a very commendable one.

The spring flowers, however belated in our northern climate, are on the way hither; they are coming, sure. Will not those who have waited for them so long, and will welcome them with such heartiness, deal tenderly with them? Let no blossom be ruthlessly plucked or next year's affluence be depleted by this year's greed and thoughtlessness.

> "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
> Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?
> * * * * *
> O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine."

It is reassuring to the mind that believes in the great destiny awaiting the Mississippi Valley and its metropolis, Chicago, to find a recognition of the growth of literature in the West on the part of those whose opinions carry authority. It is not much to know that commercially Chicago has been the center of a great book trade (for books must be handled in transit as silks and sugar are handled, and Chicago has the conveniences necessary to such commercial exchange); but it is much when a man like W. D. Howells testifies to a distinctive quality and a growing excellence in the fiction that is being written and published in Chicago and its surrounding territory. The McClurg House, of Chicago, has just issued "Robert Cavelier," a romance of La Salle, by William Dana Orcutt, which promises to meet the happy exigencies occasioned by the opening of the St. Louis Exposition. Surely the story of the discovery of the Mississippi is the logical prelude to the story of the Louisiana Purchase. The book is such a recent arrival that it has not yet been read, but UNITY readers will take the hint. This is one of the books to be read "before it is a year old," Emerson notwithstanding. Many UNITY readers will read it and do their own reviewing. How do you like it?

All winter long the ax-men have been swinging their destructive weapons. All the year round the relentless mills have sent forth their weird moans and cries as their saws tear through the organic tissues of what were once living trees, but are now dead logs. During the holiday week millions of little trees were sacrificed to the passing joys of Christmas, the festive celebration of the Christ-child; and now there is close at hand an infinitesimal fraction of the one, only one festival day in the year in which civilization undertakes to atone for this vandalism, a day dedicated to tree-planting. How inadequate is the atonement, and how apathetic is the spirit represented by Arbor Day. Ought not every man, woman and child in the United States to learn to make sacramental the privilege and religious the obligation to plant at least one tree on Arbor Day? The tree that the woodsman can fell in thirty minutes kept nature busy for twice as many years in the building. Go forth, O reader, and plant a tree on Arbor Day! If no dirt or sapling is handy, cause a tree to be planted in your name somewhere in the world of life. Let some road, dooryard, park, cemetery or wasted field keep your memory green when your hand is reduced to ashes.

We have before us a little pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, all of which is related to a scare in the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church in the City of New York, occasioned by a call extended to their pastor, the Rev. Merle St. C. Wright, from a church in Springfield, Mass. The pamphlet contains brotherly protestations against such a "taking off" from neighboring ministers—Chadwick, Savage, Collyer, Barrows, Slicer, Rabbi Harris and others; resolutions from the parish, speeches from laymen and "voices from the gallery;" all of which leads to a crisis as exciting as that in a modern novel, when in the last pages of the book Mr. Wright puts the temptation behind him, surrenders to the benignant belligerents, and tells them he has resolved to "abide by my own people." We are glad that New York bestirred itself in time and that Mr. Wright is not compelled to say, as once we heard another eminent minister say when the tokens of love came too late, "The beggars! why didn't they tell me earlier? I did not want to go!" It is beautiful to find such appreciation as is manifested in this little book. It is a pity that in many cases it takes a "call" from another parish to bring out such appreciation at home. We congratu-

late the City of New York and rejoice with Mr. Wright in the prolonged opportunity that is his.

Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, of the University of Chicago, has given to the public, in an interesting facsimile, a letter from Sidney Cockerell, of Surrey, England, concerning the work of the Morris Society in this country, in which Prof. Triggs is such an active factor. This English interpreter of William Morris and trustee of the Ruskin estate, says:

"The danger which threatens such tourists and which I have noticed in connection with Ruskin Societies in this country, is that their members, with more zeal than insight, have a tendency to make the thing ridiculous. For instance, they might lose sight of the fact that Morris advocated simplicity of life as well as its adornment. There is nothing more depressing to me than a house full of Morris stuffs and patterns, unintelligently and over-lavishly used. They can be made perfectly nauseating. Whereas, when used with discretion and taste, they are refreshing and stimulating. In Morris' own house at Hammersmith and Kelmscott there was no superfluous furniture or decorations. His own room was without a carpet and his bedroom without a looking glass, as he did not shave nor part his hair. Everything about him was eminently reasonable—not a touch of extravagance or affectation. He had the child-like spirit that belongs to nearly all great men."

"Morris," "Ruskin" and "Tolstoy" are poor names to conjure with when one wants to make conspicuous departures and laborious exhibits of unique furniture and odd fixings and decorations. Perhaps the most unique thing in the message and the practice of these men is represented by the word "simplicity." May it not be that the home that is not simply furnished is inartistic as well as unethical? The test of culture as of morals and religion lurks in this charming and charmed word—"Simplicity."

The centrifugal attraction in religion is slowly but surely making itself manifest. There is an unmistakable tendency to unite, spite of the good-natured encouragements that come from denominational centers to be good where they are and to continue to do good in the old way. Once the belligerent attitude is overcome, the line of demarcation between the churches fades away. We have repeatedly called attention to evidences of this coming together. Not only in Boston but elsewhere are brethren learning to take hold of hands and work together. Perhaps in no place in the West has this coming together been more manifest than in Detroit, Michigan. In 1902 there was a Citizens' Thanksgiving service which worked so well that in 1903 there was a Union Thanksgiving, which included in its program a priest, appointed by the bishop; a Jew, a Universalist, and Evangelicals. In January the pastor of the Universalist church exchanged with the leading Baptist church in the city, and in March a similar exchange took place between the Universalist minister and the leading Congregational church of the city. Perhaps this coming together is partly the result of the diligence of the Rev. Lee McCollester, of the Universalist Church, which seems to enter into the central meaning of the word "liberal" and is laying hold of the next task of the real liberal minister, viz., the bringing of ministers who have hitherto stood aloof into practical, if not theoretical, fellowship. It is to promote friendliness across the lines, to draw churches together in the interest of the elements held in common. When the liberal churches set themselves deliberately to the work of going more than half way, and persistently continue in advocating, and what is much more important, practicing the gospel of co-operation and co-ordination, they will find the one mission that grows stronger and more imperative with the growth of liberality in the so-called "orthodox" churches, and the widespread adoption of the results of the science of evolution and of the higher criticism.

Whatever may be said in favor of fraternities and sororities in connection with college and university life, it would seem as though there can scarcely be two opinions among the mature and the competent concerning the undesirability of allowing this passion for organization, haloed with the fascination of "grips" and "signals," mystical Greek letters, liturgical ceremonies and ritualistic absurdities, frivolities, and sometimes profanities, with the artificial loyalties, fellowships and companionships connected therewith, to be allowed to filter downward into the immature ranks of the children of the high schools and even, as we are told it does, into the grammar grades of our public schools. Such filtration is fraught with dangers of many kinds. It interferes with John Fiske's famous dictum of "human progress dependent upon the prolongation of the period of infancy" by thrusting upon immature boys and girls the dignities, responsibilities and pretensions of young men and women. It becomes a wedge that will introduce untimely separations between child and parent, establishing acquaintanceships, confidences and associations that are more imperative, or at least more attractive and exacting, than the more fundamental, and, for the time being, prosaic confidences of the home. It interferes with the simple and unsophisticated relationships of the neighborhood, the Sunday-school, the church, and the common acquaintanceships of parent and child. And, protestations notwithstanding, it must in many cases introduce an element of distraction, an interference with the concentration and studiousness necessary to good work in the class room. It would seem to be a sad commentary on the power of teachers and parents when the high school teachers reply, "We all deplore it; we cannot help it;" and when mothers confess with apparent helpless imbecility, "We do not believe in it, but what are we to do? Our boy or our girl has been swept into it, and we do not want to be cruel or seem to be tyrannical." At a recent parents' meeting of the high school in connection with the University of Chicago, this matter was freely and fully discussed by teachers and parents, and resolutions regretting the tendency were passed. But even this select group of parents, representing the most intelligent and favored elements of society, seemed to stop with the regrets, not knowing what they ought to do in the way of prevention or prohibition. Has it

come to this in American society, that boys and girls of from fourteen to sixteen years old can wisely take their social life into their own hands and begin to survey lines of society that run crosswise of the old-established order of the home, neighborhood and church? Is there not here a menace to democracy—something that will in a measure interfere with, if not defeat, the most benignant power of the public school system? An aristocracy of the sixteen-year-olds, established by a "Greek letter" exclusiveness, may bargain for heart-burnings and tears further on. Is not this a problem for pulpit and fireside discussion? Let some more parents and teachers and preachers follow the commendable example of those who represent the University High School in Chicago—get together and talk it over.

An Affirmative Creed.

A minister who holds his credentials in the Congregational church writes us a very cordial indorsement of an editorial of recent date, saying, "My creed has come down to, or rather gone up to this—essential religion is pure spirituality before the essential deity, breathing gentle charity at all times to everyone. It all comes to this, nay this is the All in All—the True, the Beautiful and the Good—in thought, in word and in deed. Live honestly before God and kindly with all men. I see nothing else before us. Is not this ambition for a more noble social life creed enough?" The principle involved in this summary seems to express the drift of the age—toward altruism rather than individualism in our creed-making. We no longer believe so much about our own salvation as about the advancement of humanity. We have lost sight altogether of an angry God and a Day of Judgment. Our own fears are forgotten in the desire and determination to make the world a happier world, and all human beings children of the Father. This change in creed has come about as a sort of natural evolution from the expansion of the steam age. We have been brought in contact commercially with all sorts of people; and we are thinking less of their faults than of their good qualities. It would be impossible nowadays to write a book speaking of all the nations of the world as necessarily going down into hell at death because they did not know anything about Christianity or believe in the Trinity and the Atonement. The sincere struggle of our fathers to convert the world to their own ways of thinking and feeling was honest, without question; but it was a failure, and even the missionary efforts of the present day are of a different sort. Not a few of the missionary stations run something very closely akin to business colleges, and are concerned more with the worldly welfare of their pupils than with their rescue from eternal torture. The resulting creed is fairly well expressed by our correspondent, as living honestly before an essential God, and breathing gentle charity toward everybody. We desire to see the world looking upward and not downward, forward and not backward, and lending a hand where a hand is needed.

Shall we fear to let go of the old creed? We do not believe that anything has been gained, or will be gained, by retaining as standards of faith that which we privately recognize to have been outgrown. We are aware that many good but timid souls consider these old formulas as safe anchors for the people. The real danger is that the masses will fail to move forward in their religious thinking, collateral with their intellectual development. In real modern thinking there is, we are sure, no drift toward godlessness nor toward selfishness—and that is quite enough for us to know. There is no waning of human sympathy, nor any decrease in spiritual aspiration. The real trouble is wholly along the outskirts of those organizations which insist upon living in the off-clearing of negativeness—either of orthodoxy or of liberalism. The danger is equally reprehensible and equally overwhelming, whether it occurs in connection with conservatism or radicalism. Many of our so-called liberal churches fail to keep pace with the age in real substantial fundamental progress. There are ministers who have given up confidence in the old theology, but have no confidence in the new—they continue to preach as if no change had gone on in their convictions. There is death and death only in such service. There are others who are satisfied with quarreling with the old; they see no hight of glory to climb—no holier love to announce. What we need is, least and last of all, agnosticism in the pulpit. The time is come for a positive faith and positive work aligned with modern thought. We must see God in today, as Moses saw him, and as the prophets conversed with him in the ancient days.

A creed—a creed up to the times, positive, clear, aggressive—that is what we want. It need not exist in thirty-nine Articles, nor in twenty-nine. It may be as simple and brief as that of our correspondent, but it must feel God and it must see man. It must have in it the sentiment of the Golden Rule, interpreted by the twentieth century. Those who are satisfied with what may be called positive denials, supplemented with vague affirmations, are on a false track; and in the pulpit there is no place for them. We are through with the transitional period. Religion can be and is being readjusted from ancient science to modern science. It must have an affirmation so clear that it cannot help but eliminate from modern society the spirit of savagery and give the God in man supremacy over the brute. The new gospel, in other words, must be just as positive and affirmative as the old gospel and must ring with the doctrine of salvation—salvation from those sins that beset us individually and socially—salvation to a better manhood and to a nobler co-operation for righteousness.

E. P. P.

"All God's angels come to us disguised.
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after another lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God."

—*Lowell.*

Editorial Wanderings.

AT NANCY HANKS LINCOLN'S GRAVE.

The desire of many years was fulfilled by deviating in the Editorial Wanderings on the way home so as to touch Lincoln City, Spencer County, Indiana. Leaving Louisville by the Southern Railway, on the St. Louis division, at ten o'clock in the evening, you tumble out at an untimely hour at Hunterburg, Ind., about two o'clock in the morning. You find a comfortable bed in a model little hotel, and sleep until morning. How refreshing it is to find a clean, well-kept hotel in a small town! How startling it is to find in the public parlor of such a hotel a bookcase that contains handsome complete editions of the writings of Herbert Spencer and Darwin, a goodly collection of the poets, standard novels, etc. You marvel and seek for an explanation and find that "mine host" has traveled hither by way of the school teacher, the telegraph operator, the train dispatcher, and then the shattered nerves, the broken health, and, fortunately, the open door into a second-class hotel, which a cultivated husband and wife successfully transform into a first-class guest-house.

Southern Indiana is mainly under water. Trains are belated. It is not sure when the train will strike out on the branch line towards Evansville. The only certain thing is that it will not start out on schedule time. But after an experimental run, or, rather, an experimental wading of the engine for eight miles to find out whether the track was still there (and it was) we started out, and a short run of thirteen or fourteen miles brought us to the new town of Lincoln City, two and a half miles away from the historic Gentryville, the meager story of which appears in the Lincoln biographies.

Lincoln City is a doleful little town, a railroad junction, the point from which two short stump lines branch off from what is itself a branch line. The little town of a thousand or twelve hundred is a "good business town," we are told. It shows more prosperity than refinement; more good business than good taste or ideality. The "hotel" (heaven save the mark!) is as unkempt, dirty and beery as any saloon house could well expect to be. But the first stranger gives you the necessary facts. "Yes, Lincoln City is built right on the old Lincoln farm. All this land round about was in the original tract." Five minutes' walk brings you to a beautiful knoll, a delicately moulded hill, covered with a beautiful second growth of oaks, already stately. The ground is respectably fenced and well kept. At the foot of the hill in the grove are evidences of public gatherings—a speaker's stand, planks for seats, etc. On the crown of the hill, the center of perhaps a dozen or more graves, is the grave of the pathetic little mother of the saddest, tenderest, greatest American, with its two headstones. The first is a conventional slab of white marble, terminating in a Gothic arch, inside a neat iron railing that encloses the grave, and was erected by Peter Studebaker at the suggestion of Schuyler Colfax. The second monument is a solid block of granite, fittingly inscribed. The granite originally formed part of the first tomb built to shelter the body of the martyred president. That tomb was a contract fraud and had to be taken down and rebuilt. This block of granite was given by the contractor. Now the grave, and we believe the land, is in charge of an association, of which the governor of Indiana is ex-officio president. It is a fitting place. It was a beautiful morning, and robins and bluebirds sang their Easter songs of hope and joy.

One misses there, as everywhere, the great trees we read of in the books, but scattered over the hill are still left some mementoes of them in the great stumps, far advanced in their decay. Nature has done well with her oaks and hickories, but she has been unable to reproduce her sycamores and beeches. We wish the patriotic women and children of Indiana would see to it that all the denizens of the primeval woods are given a chance again to crown the hill.

It is a pretty site for a town. The crowning knoll in the center of it carries a tidy, typical new two-story public school building, back of which grows that oldest monument of the Lincoln family, the historic cedar which grew right in front of the cabin in which Abraham lived for twelve years, wherein his mother died, and into which was brought the kind stepmother. The cedar is still living, an impressive link between those times and these. Turning from the tree, silhouetted against the window in the lower room of the public school, my eye fell on the profile of a colored boy's face. The suggestiveness was startling. I passed into the school room; the term was closing; the attendance was meager, but the teacher courteously asked the intruder if he would like to say something, I begged the children to cherish the trees that grew in the Nancy Lincoln Park and to plant more, and the shiny face of the colored boy lighted up the room.

The roads were bad, but I must drive to Gentryville, go through the long street of a straggling country town, hunt up the oldest buildings, some of them probably built by or for the original Gentry who bought the Lincoln place. I sought for the "oldest inhabitant"; I finally found an old veteran whose boy was an amateur photographer, and succeeded in securing from him what was not to be found in Lincoln City—a photograph of the grave, the cedar tree and the school house.

Will not the association or some patriotic citizen of Indiana see to it that in the near future there is erected in Lincoln City a "Nancy Hanks Guest-House," plain but worthily built, modern in its equipments, suggestive in its wall decorations—a few photographs of old settlers and settlement scenes, some reminders of the old times and souvenirs, photographic and others—to educate the careless traveler, to invest the town with a dignity in the eyes of the children, to invite intelligent pilgrims and to reap a fair percentage on the investment?

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

The ride to St. Louis was completed and some hours spent on the grounds, an ineffectual attempt was made to find old friends, and a genial hour was passed at the hospitable supper table of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sheldon.

The exposition ground was most promising; everything points to the fact that it is to be "the best yet," as it ought to be. It was interesting to fall into company with Superintendent Ives, of the Fine Arts Department, Mr. Millet, of the Art Institute of Chicago, the superintendent of the mural decorations, and Mr. Nelson, the Chicago decorator, as they were passing on the final tints and textures of the art gallery walls. St. Louis has profited by the unwisdom of Chicago, and when the great show is over there will be left permanently a beautiful art building, constructed of lasting material and on most approved plans, as well as a group of noble buildings that will permanently house the great Washington University on a magnificent campus. As at Chicago, perhaps the greatest permanent good derived from the exposition will be the splendid stimulus given to art; it will have given an era of inspiration to architect, painter and sculptor. All over the grounds were most tempting suggestions of beauty to come: headless horses, human torsos awaiting the arms and legs that

are in the shop; wings ready for bodies not yet arrived; and groups ready to be grouped, to many of which those entitled to an opinion gave high commendation.

Take UNITY's word for it, IT WILL BE WORTH WHILE TO GO TO ST. LOUIS NEXT SUMMER, if for no other reason than to study the out-of-door statuary, a specimen of which we give on our front page this week. "The Cause of the Toiler," as represented in the art of the Columbian Exposition, was the suggestive topic for study, for lecture, and for illustration in 1893 in Chicago. It will be still more so in St. Louis in 1904. Witness this reproduction of a charming idyl in homely life, wrought in clay by Mr. Mulligan, of the Art Institute of Chicago, whose work is to be looked for in St. Louis this summer. This benignant group of father and child is to be placed in front of the Mines and Mining building. We believe it was not then out of the shop, but the photograph was so winsome that we secured the halftone block. We print it as the first of many cuts we hope to give in UNITY of the St. Louis Exposition before it is over, and we are sure many of our readers will rejoice with us in the simple beauty of this miner who, at the mouth of the shaft, kisses the dear little daughter goodbye before he descends into the darkness that will be broken only by the light of the lamp on his cap, and to the work, the strength for which will be restored by the contents of the well-filled dinner pail that is to go down with him.

Did You Ever Hear An English Sparrow Sing?

What, an English sparrow sing!
Insignificant brown thing,
So common and so bold, 'twill surely bring
Tears of laughter to the eyes
Of the superficial wise,
To suggest that that small immigrant could sing.

'Twas the bleakest wintry day—
Earth, sky, water, all were gray—
Of the Universe old Boreas seemed king,
Sweeping wild across the lake.
But his empire was at stake
When that little English sparrow dared to sing.

Not a friend on earth had I;
No horizon to my sky,
No faith that there could be another spring.
Cold the world as that gray wall
Of the Auditorium tall,
Where—I heard that little English sparrow sing!

On the shelving of one stone
He was cuddling all alone.
Oh! the little feet knew bravely how to cling,
As from out the tuneful throat
Came the sweetest, springlike note,
And I truly heard an English sparrow sing.

You may talk for all your days
In the thrush and bluebird's praise,
And all your other harbingers of spring.
But I've never heard a song
Whose echoes I'd prolong,
Like that I heard that English sparrow sing.

Oh, my heart's a phonograph
That will register each laugh,
And all happy sounds that from the joy-bells ring.
So if dreary days should come,
In my hour of darkest gloom
I know I'll hear that English sparrow sing.

Easter, 1904. —BERTHA JOHNSTON.

It is said that Chili and Argentina have resolved to live at peace with each other for the future. As a memento of this resolve, a colossal statue of Christ is being erected on one of the highest peaks of the Andes, its arms stretched out towards the two united nations. Both governments have contributed towards the statue.—*The Christian Life.*

A New Browning Poem—A Miniature.

(Reprinted from the April *Critic.*)

A genuine poem of Robert Browning's, almost unknown, is here reprinted from *"The Sibyl*, edited by members of Rugby School," No. 16, April 1, 1893, pages 18-20, where a prefatory notice states that the poem "is believed to have been written by Mr. Browning in the album of a Virginian lady. By this lady it was bequeathed to the present owner (now herself absent from England), to whose kindness we are indebted for the permission to publish it." That this poem is Browning's own, no knower of his work will doubt. Mr. W. F. Revell, whose attention was called to it by a friend, has just told me of it, so I looked it up in the British Museum.—F. J. Furnival, February 16, 1904.*

One dull day in the bright Touraine
In a high-turreted, steeple-roofed town,
Sheltering out of a skurry of rain,
Down a dim back street, dusky brown,

I stepped into a bric-a-brac shop,
Hardly room to open the door,
Heaped with rubbish right up to the top,
Strewn with lumber all over the floor.

Aubesson tapestries all in holes,
Cabinets guiltless of locks or drawers,
Faded banners and tattered stoles,
Cushionless tabourets, Louis quatorze;

Arquebuses and pistols triggerless,
Clumsy teapots without a handle,
Figured portieres, frayed and figureless,
Sticks that would never again hold candle;

Soundless spinets on legs precarious,
Long, slim rapiers long since rusty,
Stringless mandolines, violas various,
All most musty, dusty, and fusty;

* * * * * * *

Forth from the fell Conciergerie towers
O'er sights and sounds that profane the air,
Did one name float like a breath of flowers—
"Suzanne Jarente de la Regnière?"

Were those steps the last path she trod?
Did she, with gracious and even mien,
Hand her sweet soul right up to God,
Dauntless under the black guillotine?

Ah, my beauty! Or did she rather,
Lightening a few years our English air
Cook and keep house for an emigrant father,
While he taught dancing in Leicester Square?

Then hie home where the wide Loire lies
Warm in the light of its fleurs-de-lys.
All I know is, her brave, sweet eyes
Brighten a bit of this world for me.

Tolstoy's Favorite Walk in Moscow.

Interesting details of Tolstoy's life in Moscow are told by Professor Edward A. Steiner in his work, "Tolstoy the Man," issued by The Outlook Company. "Tolstoy's favorite walk in Moscow," says the writer, "was down the river bank to the Krelm, that mixture of Church and State, of barbarism and civilization, that last citadel of an absolute monarchy among civilized people. Rugged, quaint, and queer as is the Krelm was this frequent visitor on whose footsteps fastened numbers of beggars from whom he never turned away. One day, he says, he was going to give some money to a beggar when the watch came and with the butt of his gun began to drive away the importunate fellow. Tolstoy remonstrated, and asked him whether he did not know the Gospels, in which Christ commanded us to love our neighbor and do good even to those who hate us, and the puzzled gendarme replied shrewdly, 'You may know the Gospels, but you don't know the military regulations.'"

**The Critic* received this poem through Dr. W. J. Rolfe, the Shakespearean scholar, who also vouches for its authenticity.—Ed. *Critic.*

THE PULPIT.

What Can Be Done Against Pulmonary Consumption?

AN ADDRESS BY DR. E. J. KUH, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, MARCH 27, 1904.

It would seem in questionable taste for me to speak on a medical subject in this place and before an audience of this kind, if the inquiry, What can be done against pulmonary consumption? were really of only medical or of even purely scientific interest. Its scope, however, reaches far beyond any specialistic limitations.

It is a problem which concerns the entire human race and a problem which cannot be solved unless the human race understands it and co-operates in its solution. I shall even permit myself the melodramatic argument that all of you must be vitally interested in this question, because, under present conditions, one-seventh to one-tenth of this audience is doomed to die of tuberculosis.

Pulmonary tuberculosis, or consumption of the lungs, is the most important of all diseases.

It kills one-seventh to one-tenth of all human beings. Twenty years ago it would have been safe to say one-sixth of all human beings. It is interesting to note that the figures have shifted in favor of a smaller mortality.

Between the ages of 15 and 35 years it is claimed that *one-third* of all deaths are due to tuberculosis; between the ages of 60 to 70 years *one-half* of all people die of consumption.

The annual mortality from this disease has been estimated by various writers all the way from one to five million deaths.

This wide difference in figures can be explained by the impossibility of obtaining accurate statistics from countries with the largest population—China and India, for instance, have a population of 700,000,000 souls, or almost half the inhabitants of the earth, but they furnish no figures which could be utilized for an accurate estimate of tuberculosis mortality.

But it is quite certain that in Europe alone one million people die from this disease each year. Or in other words, Europe furnishes 3,000 deaths each day from tuberculosis (125 per hour). This is a most conservative estimate.

In the United States the annual death rate ranges from 100,000 to 150,000.

Six million to seven million living tuberculosis patients in the United States (Knopf)! This drain on human life is constant and silent. We are not face to face with a spectacular epidemic, such as we see in cholera, or small-pox, or yellow fever, or the plague. In these latter diseases the attack is sharp and the struggle short. They strike terror into the human breast and all activities are set in motion to stamp them out when they appear. Or let us contemplate the savage horrors of war. Could the human mind picture anything more forbidding, more impossible than a million lives sacrificed on the battle field in civilized Europe from year to year?

Our fellow beings, smitten with tuberculosis, are among us constantly and attract little or no attention until the later stages, and if they die, do so slowly, so that we become accustomed or even callous to their dropping out of line. In fact, it seems a relief to be rid of a hopeless, chronic, costly invalid. I know of a poor fellow, a printer by trade, now fortunately dead, who was turned out of restaurants and boarding houses because of his harassing cough.

"Who shall adequately picture or even remotely conceive the shattered ambitions, the long weary hours of distress and suffering and struggle, the slow weeks and months, lighted fitfully now and then by gleams of fictitious hope, which lead to the last, long release? And what shall be said of the desolated homes and scattered families, and poverty and want and crime which among the poor are wont to cluster about and to follow such premature and lingering death? Probably the actual suffering and distress caused by all other diseases put together is far less than that which in one way or another is associated with consumption."

In contrast with our indifference toward this affliction how ludicrous seems the creepy sensation which overcomes us when we contemplate the now almost obsolete disease of leprosy, of biblical memory. A leper would be hounded out of our community; and leprosy is far less contagious than tuberculosis.

A few years ago a leper was quietly demonstrated to medical students in this city. Some newspaper reporters scented their prey and immediately, without the formality of taking leave of those friends whom his sad disease had won for him, he slipped out of town, leaving no trace behind.

For the well-to-do tuberculosis may be almost a sad luxury, for they can have doctors and nurses or Christian scientists and can enjoy the delights of perfect climatic environment. The well known hopefulness of consumptives assists in making their invalidism quite bearable, and their resources furnish them greater facilities for recovery.

But among the middle and poorer classes the economic drain is frightful to contemplate.

No sadder experience confronts the physician than to observe a fever-stricken body in its prolonged struggle against poverty, disease and death.

These conditions have at last aroused us from our torpor of indifference. Within the past few years a united effort is being made in civilized countries to stamp out the disease. A great wave of defensive agitation is sweeping over the earth. It is believed that if proper measures are taken, this pest can be eradicated in one generation. The first step is to educate the people.

Everybody must co-operate.

Everybody must understand how the disease is contracted and communicated and how to prevent its transmission. It is therefore necessary to popularize our knowledge of its transmissibility as far as possible.

These lectures are given to assist in accomplishing this result within the limitations of a local agitation. Nothing is more conducive to our reverence for the achievements of the present than a retrospect into the struggles and errors of the past.

I shall therefore, before entering into a consideration of the present-day complexion of our tuberculosis knowledge, give a short review of the past.

Tuberculosis was not by any means always recognized as an infectious disease.

We can divide the history of tuberculosis into four periods:

1. From antiquity to 1782.
2. From 1782 to 1865.
3. From 1865 to 1882.
4. From 1882 to the present time.

In ancient times and in the middle ages many famours writers, principally Greek and Arabic physicians, insisted that tuberculosis could be communicated from person to person. But their assertions were regarded more in the light of literary curiosities than an incentive to action. Nothing came of their observations, because they were unable to furnish convincing scientific proof. Our first record of public activity and the enactment of corrective laws dates from the year 1782.

In 1782 the sovereign of the Kingdom of Naples issued a royal decree, ordering the isolation of con-

sumptives and the disinfection of their apartments and personal effects.

Any violation of this law was punished most severely. Ordinary mortals who disobeyed the law were sent to the galleys. If a nobleman violated the law, he had the doubtful distinction of being imprisoned in a fortress and was fined 300 ducats.

The physician who failed to notify the authorities was also fined 300 ducats, and for a second offence was banished from the country. Any one aiding a consumptive to escape was fined and imprisoned for six months.

The Kingdom of Naples, as it was then constituted, had an area of more than 11,000 square miles and a population of four and one-half million people.

The mortality from tuberculosis at the time of the enactment of these laws was simply appalling.

Tuberculosis was so common in Italy that travelers often hesitated to visit that country.

As a result of these conditions a German writer of prosy imagination, claimed that the Italian proverb *"Vedi Napoli e poi muori,"* did not originate in illustration of the beauty of the city of Naples, but was a warning to keep away from Naples for fear of catching the disease!

The city of Naples had four large hospitals in 1828. One of these four admitted 5,285 patients during that year; over 1,100 of these patients were consumptives.

These Neapolitan laws remained in force until the unification of Italy in the year 1860. They were then repealed because of their unreasonable cruelty. But the result was, that there was a decline in the mortality from tuberculosis in Italy of from 50 to 90 per cent, the greatest reduction obtaining in the former Kingdom of Naples.

The Neapolitan laws, it is true, were tyrannical and crude; the real source of contagion was unknown; but in spite of their defects, they accomplished such decided results that they may serve as an object lesson to us to-day.

During the first half of the nineteenth century a great deal of scientific work was done in the study of tuberculosis, as in all fields of medicine. Great advances were made in the pathology (study of the diseased organs) and diagnosis (recognition) of the disease. But the question of the communicability of consumption did not come to a focus until the year 1865.

Before that date numerous investigators attempted to solve the problem by inoculating animals with particles of diseased organs.

The results were most confusing and conflicting. It is painful to study this period of research. As soon as somebody thought he had solved the problem of infectiousness or contagion, somebody else came along, hit him on the head with counter-proofs, and walked away with his scalp.

But at last—from 1865-1868—a French investigator by the name of Villemin published a series of investigations proving conclusively that tuberculosis is a disease transmissible by inoculation, and due to a specific poison, probably in the nature of a germ which propagates in the animal or human body. He did not succeed in identifying the germ, but insisted on its presence. He raised a great storm of opposition and many faulty experiments were made, apparently disproving his claims. The belief in the heredity of the disease, or the belief in its origin by taking a so-called cold, or the belief in an omnipotent climatic influence, such as variations in the moisture of the atmosphere or in disturbed barometric pressure, was so firmly implanted in the human mind that any other explanation was violently opposed.

The human race has always fought the truth and hugged its errors.

You will all remember that when Pythagoras discovered his famous proposition about triangles, he is said to have slaughtered a hundred oxen as a joyful sacrifice to Apollo. A German writer with a sardonic grin on his face has said in this connection: "Whenever a new truth in science is discovered all oxen bellow with fright."

So it was with Villemin's discovery.

But other scientists came to his rescue and within the next ten years the methods of investigation became more and more refined and diversified.

For instance: Two investigators inoculated the anterior chamber of the eye (region in front of pupil) of rabbits and guinea pigs with minute particles of scrofulous and lymph glands. Within less than a month's time the animals developed small grayish nodules of the size of a millet seed in the area of inoculation, the growth of which could be observed behind the cornea (the horny transparent membrane covering the pupil), just as we observe the growth of a plant through a small window pane. Many of these animals subsequently succumbed to a general tuberculosis starting from the eyes.

Then followed experiments with the *inhalation* of a spray consisting of finely divided tubercular material suspended in water, which always caused pulmonary tuberculosis. And then the *feeding* with similar material, which caused tuberculosis of the intestines.

Progress in this direction was quite slow for the following reason: It was found that various other substances, if handled in the same manner, would also produce tubercular changes in the organs of animals.

The solution of this problem was a very ingenious one. If the animals were taken away from pathological laboratories and experimented upon in clean, unused apartments, for instance in the houses of the scientists (undoubtedly in the face of unanimous opposition on the part of the housekeeping element!), these contradictory results would not occur, because the laboratories were so infected with tuberculosis that almost any wound in a susceptible animal could become infected with tubercular poison. This ends the third period of the history of tuberculosis.

The fourth period begins with the year 1882, the year of the discovery of the germ of tuberculosis.

In 1882 Robert Koch published his researches on "The Etiology of Tuberculosis," which struck like a bombshell. We read in mythology of Minerva springing in full armor from the brain of Jupiter: such was the character of this stupendous and greatest single discovery in the history of medicine.

I shall never forget the first impression of this publication. I was breakfasting in a restaurant in the students' quarter of Vienna. The waiter, as was customary, handed me several numbers of the latest medical journals to wash my breakfast down with, among them the *Wochenschrift,* containing Koch's article.

My eye was caught by the title and I sat transfixed with ecstasy, reading and gloating over this great gift to mankind. For anybody capable of weighing scientific evidence it was obvious that an immortal and final achievement had been recorded in the history of science.

This work was followed two years later by a more elaborate treatise, which in addition to its scientific value, is one of the most perfect specimens of literature in the German or any other language.

Nobody with any pretensions to a good knowledge of literature should fail to study this work. It will appeal not only to the student of medicine, but to everybody interested in the advancement of human knowledge.

But to come back to our subject.

Koch found a germ of well defined characteristics

in all tubercular organs and in the expectorations of consumptives.

It may seem strange to you, that none of the very able investigators before him had succeeded in detecting this micro organism, for the microscope had been in service for fully two centuries.

The reason is, that the germ is practically invisible in animal tissues, on glass slides, or in fluids; or in scientific phraseology, its index of refraction is almost identical with that of the surrounding media (or substances). You can distinguish the germ about as little from its surroundings as you could distinguish one drop of water from another in a mass of water. The usual method of detecting germs before the discovery of the tubercle bacillus was to spread a thin layer of the substance to be examined on a cover glass and to immerse it in some aniline dye. The bacteria would absorb the dye and stand out clearly from their surroundings. The tubercle bacillus, however, would not do this. It requires an intermediary substance, a so-called mordant (something that bites into it, in literal translation), to make it absorb the dye and to become visible. I might mention in parenthesis that the germs of small-pox, measles and scarlet fever have not yet been discovered, because nobody has found a method to make them visible.

With Koch's method of staining we see the tubercle bacillus revealed as a small, slender, rod-shaped germ, about half the size of the diameter of a red blood-corpuscle, or about 1-10,000 of an inch long. It must be magnified about 500 to 700 times its size to become plainly visible. It has no power of motion. Freezing does not kill it. It does not multiply outside the animal body under natural conditions. But its vitality is very great. It can lie dormant for weeks or months without dying. Then, when transplanted to a favorable soil, it will awaken to full activity and fulfill its mission of destruction. If you wish to have an excellent impression of the appearance of the stained tubercle bacillus, crush your strawberries before you eat them, and observe the small rod-shaped bodies (pistils of the flower) floating in the juice. These rods are very similar in appearance to the germ of consumption under a powerful miscroscope.

Koch planted these germs on solidified blood and other substances, placed them in an incubator, and in about two weeks could observe their colonies springing up in sufficient size to be detected by the naked eye. These are the so-called pure cultures of the germ. They form a cluster of grayish scales. If implanted into the animal body, they will invariably cause tuberculosis. As the most common form of infection is through the lungs, the germ must be inhaled. And as the expectorations of consumptives are richest in these germs, the infection is spread by the expectorations of the patient.

The phlegm is scattered, mixes with dust, dries, and is inhaled, causing the disease.

These researches would have been impossible without experiments on animals. They are going to lead to results which in time will save millions of lives. Yet there are people who desire legislation against experiments on animals. These people, in order to be consistent, should also agitate against the slaughtering of animals for food. They should also agitate against surgical operations—for what is an operation but a vivisection? Is it less cruel to operate on a man or a child in order to save their lives, than to vivisect or experiment on animals in order to save the lives or preserve the health of countless human beings? After this work was done, Koch was obliged to go to Egypt and India on his cholera investigations. Therefore one of his most prominent pupils, by the name of Cornet, took up his work and studied the natural conditions of infected localities.

Cornet found that the germs, after having dried, would float in the air and settle on the walls and furniture of rooms.

As a curiosity of thoroughness of search, it may be mentioned that Cornet found the tubercle bacillus on a clock and on a picture frame of an infected room.

The street dust of the city of Berlin was always found free from the tubercle bacillus, because the germ in the open air is so scattered through the largeness of space, that it cannot be found. Among the street sweepers of Berlin the tuberculosis mortality is not greater than in other occupations. This proves that the danger of contracting tuberculosis in streets of cities is a negligible quantity. The greatest danger of contracting the disease therefore lurks in buildings: either in such localities in which a diseased person lives or in such in which many people pass in and out: among the two classes mentioned the most important are tenement houses, factories, railroad stations, theaters, prisons, convents, hotel lobbies, barracks and court houses.

All public conveyances (street cars, steam cars, etc.) also come under this head.

Cornet's observations were made a few years after Koch's discovery, when hospital wards had been the first to benefit by hygienic reforms. As a result Cornet did not succeed in a single instance in finding germs on the walls or furniture of consumption wards of hospitals: the very places where, if precautions had not been used, the germs would have been most numerous.

I shall quote a few statistical examples of the dangers of contracting the disease or the possibility of escaping it under contrasting conditions.

Dr. Flick, in Philadelphia, published maps of the city showing that certain houses were veritable breeding places for the disease. If one family moved out of an infected apartment and another subsequently occupied it, the new arrivals were doomed to contract which we have been reading of late.

Furthermore Cornet found that of the 4,000 deaconesses who served in Prussian hospitals as nurses before Koch's time, and who were known to retain their positions faithfully for a number of years, from 63 to 100 per cent died of tuberculosis.

It is a notorious fact, that if a convict serves a long enough sentence, he will die of tuberculosis. In the Joliet penitentiary, in 1888, 77 per cent. of all deaths were from tuberculosis. You will say: Oh, this was fifteen years ago, and ought to be ancient history. But here is a paragraph of November 7, 1903, taken from the *New York Medical Record*, which says:

"Tuberculosis in a Pennsylvania Penitentiary.—A Philadelphia Grand Jury has condemned the management of the Eastern Penitentiary and stated that the place is nothing more than a breeding place for tuberculosis. The report further stated that over 60 per cent. of the deaths among the inmates of the penitentiary during the past thirty years have been from tuberculosis, and a bacteriological examination has demonstrated the presence of tubercle bacilli in nearly every one of the prison cells."

This therefore signifies that if a convict receives a long enough sentence, he is not only condemned to imprisonment, but in reality suffers the penalty of capital punishment. He may therefore, it seems to me, be considered a victim of judicial murder.

Something must be rotten in the state of Denmark, when a gentleman cannot even be a criminal nowadays without endangering his health!

In striking contrast with these conditions it has been found that if orphans, many of whose parents had died of tuberculosis, and who might therefore be considered particularly susceptible to the disease, were taken

to a well organized orphan asylum, they would escape the disease. In Nurnberg, for instance, only one orphan in eight years contracted the disease.

In the Munich orphan asylum there was only one case of tuberculosis in twelve years among 613 orphans. Tuberculosis is practically never inherited.

The conditions which I have described will easily explain why the belief in the heredity of consumption, the belief that consumption *must* run in families, was prevalent for so many centuries.

It was *contact* and *infection* which caused tuberculosis, not heredity.

Furthermore, there is hardly a case on record, either among man or animals, in which a post-mortem examination in earliest infancy has ever shown inherited tuberculosis.

The certainty that we do not inherit the disease is of course a most encouraging factor in our attempts to stamp it out.

But there is another exerience which is equally important: a very large percentage (25 to 75 per cent.) of all the people who have been examined on the post-mortem table, have been found to have had, at some time of their life, a tubercular infection, which had undergone spontaneous cure.

This proves that consumption very frequently cures itself. It is probable that very few human beings escape the inhalation of the germ, but a relatively large number of us do not allow the disease to gain a foothold, because of the natural resistance of the body. It may be interesting to note that both Koch and von Behring, the discoverer of diphtheria antitoxine, contracted an infection with the tubercle bacillus in the course of their researches, but neither of them developed the disease.

I spoke before of the natural resistance of the body; by the natural resistance of the body we understand certain conditions, some of which are very complex, and others more simple.

I shall not weary you with a description of the complex conditions, as, between you and me, I don't know them myself, but among the simpler ones I shall describe an arrangement in our air passages which offers a remarkable protection to the lungs.

"On the moist walls of our wind-pipe and bronchial tubes is placed, completely lining the tubes, an army of cells, composed of individuals who are not in politics, who have no vote, and who present to us the unusual spectacle of cleaners whose business it seems to be to cleanse. Projecting from the free ends of these myriads of cells is a number of very minute hairs, called cilia. These minute bodies, year in and year out, day and night, while life lasts (and even for some hours after death), are constantly swinging their free ends back and forth, like the waving of a corn field, and carry any small object in their rhythmic swing away from the lungs upward toward the mouth."

In people with chronic bronchial disease their function becomes impaired, and this will explain why people with a chronic bronchial cough may become more susceptible to the invasion of the tubercle bacillus and ultimately contract consumption.

As pulmonary consumption is contracted by the inhalation of dried expectorations, our protection lies in measures directed against the drying of the phlegm of consumptives.

And herein consists almost the entire solution of the problem of infection.

Consumptives must not be allowed to expectorate on the floor or into their handkerchiefs. They should also be very particular to avert or cover their mouth while coughing, because small particles containing tubercle bacilli are forced or projected into the surrounding atmosphere and easily inhaled.

Human ingenuity (if you will pardon me for entering into this unesthetic chapter of tuberculosis prevention) has been quite active in inventing all kinds of vessels for the reception of tubercular expectorations, from pocket flasks or cups up to a box elevated on a stand from 3 to 4 feet high, with a spittoon inclosed and a door furnished with a spring which closes the box automatically. The elevated cuspidor emancipates the expectorator from the necessity of acquiring, through long and arduous practice, the skill in hitting the mark for which Americans were so famous in the days of Charles Dickens.

In order to make this arrangement as little unsightly as possible, a physician of poetic temperament has suggested placing a flower pot on the box containing the spittoon.

The portable vessels can be either burned or disinfected, the stationary ones disinfected.

If handkerchiefs are used they are to be made of cheese cloth or paper and burned.

Floors should always be sprinkled before they are swept. Or a mop should be used. In this city you will find that the floors of elevated railroad stations and of suburban trains are first swept, then sprinkled, a most outrageous practice. All the agitation against dust inhalation seems to have been wasted on the people in authority who are supposed to protect the traveling public. Letters written to newspapers years ago concerning this pernicious practice were never published.

When I tell you that a consumptive will scatter millions, yea billions (one writer has estimated seven billions) of germs (i. e., tubercle bacilli) in 24 hours, you will realize of what supreme importance this single question of dry sweeping can become, especially as the laws against expectorating on the floors of public buildings and conveyances can never be permanently enforced. If we had a policeman as a body-guard for every consumptive we might prevent him from scattering infection, but not until then.

Another step in the solution of the tuberculosis problem may be suggested by the adoption of the following measures: All cases of tuberculosis should be reported to the Board of Health, unless the physician in charge wishes to assume all responsibility. The responsibility of the physician in the early stages of the disease is tremendous. If he neglects his duty, he might as well write his name on the death certificate as the cause of the patient's death. Instead of writing, cause of death tuberculosis, he might as well write, cause of death Dr. So-and-so.

If he makes an early diagnosis the patient may be saved. It is possible to recognize the disease through the tuberculin test, even before cough has set in. Fatigue with loss of appetite and digestive disturbance with some loss in weight are often the earliest symptoms. This is the period before tubercle bacilli are cast off.

If a cough lasts more than two or three weeks, the patient should always consult a physician for a microscopic examination of his phlegm.

Night sweats, fever, hemorrhage from the lungs are most ominous signs, indicating that the disease has taken a firm hold on the patient.

If, on the other hand, the patient is turned over to the Health Department, as would be most feasible among the poor, a health inspector should visit his home and instruct the patient and the family concerning measures for preventing the disease from spreading to other members of the household.

But this is really only an emergency measure.

The patient should be taken care of by the *community. He should be taken away from his home.*

This method of protecting the consumptive and his

surroundings is a most important duty of the municipality, of the county, and of the state. It requires immense financial resources. It were better to stop building museums, libraries, theaters and churches until this problem is taken in hand.

If our state can take care of its insane and of its epileptics, why cannot it protect its consumptives?

Every county or every state in the Union should establish sanatoriums for the care of its tuberculous citizens.

If the case is hopeless, the patient should be placed in a tuberculosis ward of city or other hospitals for the protection of the community. But the hopeless cases, if physicians and the people do their duty, will become a thing of the past.

Every patient whose condition gives the slightest hope for recovery should be taken away from the dirt and dust of the city.

Pure air, sunshine and wholesome food are the essentials for a cure. You cannot get pure air in a city. The air of cities is filled with germ-laden dust. You will remember that Kipling in writing his uncomplimentary things about Chicago said, "and its air is dirt."

Approaching the great centers of population the quantity of dust held in suspension by the air increases enormously. According to Sir Thomas Crichton Browne, the air of London contains 150,000 proportional parts of dust, to Paris' 210,000, while in Argylshire, Scotland, there are only 200.

The tubercle bacillus is only the entering wedge for that complex disease which we call pulmonary consumption.

After the lungs have begun to break down, other germs (the so-called pus germs) find an entrance, and it is they that cause the fever, the night sweats and the wasting away.

Although such climates as Colorado, New Mexico, California and Arizona are preferable, they are not essential. The theory of the supreme curative value of high altitude has become untenable. It is not altitude which cures, but the pure, germ-poor air in the mountains. Every state in the Union could supply some localities where pure air could be furnished its sanatorium patients. In the milder seasons these people could live in tents. Many of them could do out-of-door work, such as gardening, light farming and so forth.

In taking these people away from the cities we render not only them the greatest service, but we also protect the community.

In England they have had special hospitals for consumptives for sixty years. The Englishman, without originally having any idea that he was instituting a sanitary measure, but purely from a keen appreciation of the wants of his sick fellow men, has succeeded in this manner within the last forty years in reducing the mortality from tuberculosis in England and Wales fifty per cent.

If the sordid question of economy is to be considered in these matters we have a strong argument in favor of wise expenditures.

It has been computed by good authority, that the total annual loss to New York city from this plague amounts to at least twenty-three million dollars and the loss to the United States to three hundred and thirty millions per year.

If we therefore consider the brutal side of dollars and cents without taking into account the unspeakable suffering of the sick, we shall find it much cheaper to cure the consumptive and to prevent the disease from spreading, than to allow our fellow beings to die.

I wish to make one further plea against keeping our consumptives in cities. You will have observed in the newspapers that a prominent member of the committee on the prevention of tuberculosis advocates pitching a tent in the back-yard and living in it at all seasons of the year.

The underlying idea is excellent; the execution of the idea, however, is horrible. We are, it is true, offering the patient plenty of air, but of the most impure quality. It is like offering contaminated water to a man dying of thirst.

In order to make this movement a successful one from the start, we must not jeopardize our results by offering anything which is not of the very best. And living in a tent close to an alley is bound to discourage the majority of invalids from any further ambitions in this direction.

Even at the risk of becoming monotonous, I wish to reiterate that the air of our cities is becoming more and more contaminated with germs causing inflammation of the throat and chest. Immense as is the mortality from consumption, it has, in certain seasons, fallen far behind that from pneumonia. At some periods two or three times as many people die from pneumonia as from pulmonary tuberculosis.

Pneumonia is *also* caused by the inhalation of germs clinging to dust.

But while tuberculosis may be characterized as an infection caused by the inhalation of contaminated *indoor* dust, pneumonia and bronchitis may be classified as diseases contracted by the inhalation of out-of-door dust.

Now, what chance has a consumptive to recover under such frightfully unsanitary conditions? The necessity of pure city air has not even *begun* to touch the public consciousness. We have all kinds of inspectors, but who ever heard of an air inspector?

We cannot have clean air unless we have clean streets.

Human intelligence, which is so lofty in its grasp of the universe, becomes sordid and low in everything touching administrative affairs and the common welfare of man.

Our men are too busy with their personal ambitions to bother about the community. Mankind seems more prone to crush than to uplift. I therefore look more to the honest, unselfish, moral endeavor of our American women to be active in this cause, than to the men.

Allow me to conclude this address with a warning: We are not going to accomplish so very much by lecturing, nor by printing circulars, nor by visiting the houses of the sick. What we require are large endowments for sanatoria by both *public* and *private* contribution.

We must not waste too much time over instructions to the sick and their families. A fever-stricken patient doesn't want a lecture on hygiene. He wants somebody to make him well and to do the thinking and acting for him. The only way to do this, is to lead him away from his abode of suffering and to place him in an institution where expert training will accomplish his recovery.

I also wish to utter a protest against stuffing these people with medicines.

Tuberculosis is not a disease curable by drugs. We don't want to make the mistake of the Irishman, who swallowed a potato-bug and then took a big dose of paris green to kill it. Let us also remember the famous dictum of O. W. Holmes as particularly applicable to consumptives. He says: "If our medicines, as now used, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

On our table lies "Primary Lessons in Christian Living and Healing," published by the Absolute Press, New York. This is a text book of healing by the power of truth, as taught and demonstrated by Annie Rix Militz. The book follows, to some extent, the beaten line of enforcing the value of beautiful and wholesome words, thought over and spoken over again and again. It insists upon faith in God and in yourself. We imagine that the real power of this Christian Science is its resurrection of the old doctrine of faith in supreme goodness. Have faith in the God who is in yourself—"God is your own true self." God in all is the real goodness and rightness of the universe. There is the usual amount of talk about delusions and deceptions; about the unreality of sickness and sin. The book is open to acute criticism; yet, after all, one can easily sift from it a vast amount of good. I imagine that sooner or later Christian Science will pass into the hands of a higher class of interpreters, who will compel it to correlate itself more closely to the common sense of reason and yet not lose its fine power of placing the body in harmony with the spirit. Tens of thousands of those who are lost in blank churchianity are being lifted to better life even now.

From D. Appleton & Co. I have "The Expansion of the Republic" series. This series already includes "The History of the Louisiana Purchase," by our friend James K. Hosmer, whose history of Anglo-Saxon freedom I have so often commended; "Ohio and Her Western Reserve," by Alfred Mathews; "The History of Puerto Rico," by R. A. Van Middeldyk; "Steps in the Expansion of Our History," by Oscar P. Austin; "Rocky Mountain Exploration," by Reuben Gold Thwaites; "The Conquest of the Southwest," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; and "The purchase of Alaska," by Oscar Phelps Austin. Other volumes are proposed, to rapidly follow those now on the market. This constitutes an unusually valuable series. The work is uniformly well done. I should say that there is nothing better attainable, to place in the hands of young people to give them a clear understanding of the most important features of American expansion. The story of Rocky Mountain exploration is admirably digested and reads like a novel. Mr. Austin's introductory volume is a good epitome, in the way of preparing the reader for the succeeding volumes. One of the proposed volumes will deal with the founding of Chicago and the development of the midwest. I imagine that these will hardly be finished before we shall need a volume on New Orleans and the American Mediterranean. Our national life is swinging with great rapidity to the South, and organizing around the Gulf of Mexico.

From Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, I have a little volume on "American Pauperism." It is distinctively a Socialist book. What a pity it is that these vital statements concerning poverty and capitalism cannot be put into words that carry their full weight to our hearts, without a certain atmosphere of pugnacity and such extravagance of adjectives as weaken the argument. For instance, we are told: "The ruling classes are getting uneasy. The growing intelligence of the toiling masses appears as a menace to the power of the parasitic minority. It is against the internal enemy, the dangerous classes, that the ruling parasitic minority prepares its murderous cohorts of hired wholesale assassins, called armies and militias. At the same time the proletariat, the toiling masses, remain unarmed and unskilled in the arts of war." This is but one slice from a chapter discussing the abolition of poverty. I will not allow that any rabid and professional reformer has ever done more in the way of sincere and unflinching adherence to the cause of the poor and the suffering than myself, and I do not like to have flung in my face that I am an assassin because I do not believe in the most brutal work performed by gangs of strikers. The simple fact is that, at the present day, you cannot point your finger at any tyranny comparable to that which undertakes to dominate breadwinning anl lawmaking by organizing the least-intelligent classes into mobs. But after having entered this protest, I am free to say that every one who desires to understand the present social struggles, will find it advisable to read this volume. It is full of false interpretations, but holds a lot of hard facts. For instance, when it says, "Do you know that one person in every ten who dies in the city of New York is buried in Potter's Field?" it fails to add that nine out of every ten of these paupers are the victims, not of oppression, but of their own vices. However, the book is so packed with valuable information that I think the readers of UNITY can easily be trusted to correct the applications and misinterpretations without my aid.

"Russia at the Bar of the American People" is a memorial volume, from the pen and work of Isidore Singer, the managing editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. The story contained in this book is simply shocking and abhorrent. It seems impossible that so much of the brute can possibly coexist with even the lowest phase of civilization. The massacre at Kishineff, however, carried into history a chapter that we hope will be soon made impossible to repeat. The war with Japan will, we believe, put Russia in a new light, and allow the better elements of her people to come to the front. Unfortunately it will involve an opportunity for infernal savagery. This opportunity is already taken advantage of by the Russian soldiers and officers. The stories are too horrible to repeat. Democratic government, with all the evils it involves, is incomparably safer for the people than autocracy. Dr. Singer tells us that one of the most pathetic facts that he found among the victims at Kishineff was their loyalty to Russia. Readers of UNITY will be intensely interested in the introductory chapter in this volume, by our friend Dr. Emil G. Hirsch. It is a revelation as to the Russian branch of the Jews.

I wonder how many of the readers of UNITY have ever got hold of Dr. Paul Carus's "Fundamental Problems," published last year. Those who have not will be intensely interested in a careful study of his essay, "Is Nature Alive?" The doctor concludes that life is an immanent property of matter. He holds that Monism, by accepting this idea, does not go back to mythology, but forward to the only possible philosophy of nature.

Have I ever called your attention to an extremely useful book on "Women Wage-Earners," by Helen Campbell? This book was also published last year, but it will not lose its interest and value for a long time. Mrs. Campbell knows how to write concerning women without gush, and without the waste of superfluous language. Her facts are clear, and stated in the best of English.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Infinitude.

We deeply muse on Nature's wondrous art;
A form or hue, a symphony or thought
Is held and treasured in the eager heart
Until the image into life is wrought,
And man, through love and highest human skill,
Some sacred thought the striving throng has shown,
Thus teaching Nature's wise, imperious will,
And proving her omnipotence alone.

We ponder o'er the endless reach of time;
An hour, a day, a season or a year
May make for us a history sublime;
May quell the truth for fancied fame or fear,
Or bear us love and life, or doubt and death.
These massing throbs of time but mark in vain
Eternity: for, with the fleeting breath
Time comes and goes—the ages still remain.

We wonder much what wisdom molded man,
The king or page, the nobleman or knave
May hold the germ of life's most potent plan:
He hopes, despairs, is dwarfed in soul or brave;
He wills and works; his thought enthralls the earth;
So strives and lives; then passes down to dust—
A ceaseless force to man has given birth
To labor on and make the world more just.

Cleves, O. WALTER S. BOGART.

NINETY-ONE YEARS OF BENIGNANT LIFE.—Rev. Lorin Cone Collins was born at Wilbraham, Mass., March 30, 1813. His boyhood was spent in the healthy life of the farm. From the district school he went to Wilbraham Academy, which gave him a sound educational foundation, and this he supplemented by a course at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. After leaving the University, he prepared himself and entered the Methodist ministry. He married Mary Bemis, of his native town, who died in 1892. Two children survive him, Mrs. Earl H. Reed, of Chicago, and ex-Judge Lorin Cone Collins.

In his college days he enjoyed the acquaintance and acquired the friendship of many strong and virile young men, who have since become renowned in the religious and educational world. Together they discussed the problems of life and man's destiny. Descending from a line of clergymen of strong calvinistic faith and being brought up in New England, where the influence of Jonathan Edwards was still strongly felt, one might have thought to find in his belief and sermons the stern and repellant character of his forbears and of his environment. His mind, however, revolted from the gloomy, desolate and discouraging creeds, and saw only a loving and kind God of infinite pity and tenderness. His faith in the eternal truths never weakened nor wavered, and his life through he might be said to have walked with God. If at any time he disagreed with his church, it was because he felt that the doctrines which he disbelieved and would not preach, were driving men from, instead of drawing them towards, the church.

He came, in 1873, from Minnesota, to which state he had gone in 1853, to Norwood Park, Cook County, Illinois. For more than twenty years there, he unconsciously held himself as an illustration of the power and beauty of a generous and holy life.

Often called, he always went over the country-side, preaching a sermon, marrying a couple, or burying the dead, carrying with him consolation to the bereaved and afflicted and lifting their eyes to the eternal hope. He possessed most remarkable mental and physical vitality. To the day of his death his mind never clouded, and until his last illness his physical ability never failed. Age brings to few such mellow ripening of mind and soul. The years he spent on earth beyond the allotted span, each brought new luster and beauty to a character molded by well-doing and self-sacrifice.

ANOTHER UNITY FRIEND GONE. In the early days of UNITY the name of Ward Lamson, of Fairfield, Iowa, was a familiar one in these columns. In the eighty-fourth year of his age he has gone to his rest. As a Massachusetts boy he found Iowa while it was still a section of the Wisconsin territory, and the history of his western life is interwoven with the history of the state and the better life of the communities which he served. He was a successful business man who loved books; a manufacturer who had time for ideas; a man whose piety out-grew creeds and whose devotion was expressed in terms of service. He was a good friend of UNITY and an advocate of its message. It was fitting that the venerable Dr. William Salter, of Burlington, Iowa, should testify at his grave out of an acquaintance covering sixty years of arduous but serene and useful living.

Foreign Notes.

"THE MISSION AND MISSIONARIES OF THE BOOK."

"A nation which has received from Europe 21 millions of immigrants, for the most part belonging to the impoverished, ignorant and depressed classes, and, amalgamating them into its civic and industrial life, has lifted them and their children to an independent, self-respecting and responsible citizenship—such a nation cannot justly be said to have made no adequate contribution to the progress of humanity and the welfare of the other peoples of the earth."

So spoke Rev. C. W. Wendte before delegates from England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Hungary, India, Japan, New Zealand and Australia to the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers at Amsterdam last September. It is well sometimes to reply to the charge of American indifference to the world at large by recalling to foreigners this work that America has done. It is not merely well, it is absolutely essential, to remind ourselves from time to time that this great work of assimilating and uplifting is ever with us; that not only does the tide of immigration never cease but that probably in larger proportion than ever before is this inpouring tide made up from "the ignorant and depressed classes."

It is above all things important, then, that our agencies for the imparting of knowledge and cheer to these future citizens of ours, should be well-considered and well-equipped; that they should be such as to touch most directly and most helpfully the lives of these people who, with a courage born of ignorance, desperation and hope, have staked their all on a venture into this "land of promise." Who has not felt the pathos of that venture when watching the throngs of steerage passengers on an in-coming ocean liner, or the strange faces and unkempt heads peering out of a long emigrant train trailing its slow length across the country?

Most of us see these sights and then speedily forget the tug at our heart-strings in absorption in our own affairs. It is a touch of sentiment over a life and conditions seemingly so remote, that few stop to ask: What can I do about it? and the momentary tug on the heart-strings is not transmitted to the purse-strings to any adequate or appreciable extent. Yet these people are here, though we forget, and what they shall become in our midst depends on the wisdom with which we consider and remember.

Few cities have greater need for study of this problem than Chicago, and it will, perhaps, be said that few have given it more. Certainly we may point with pride to Hull House, the Chicago Commons and the many smaller settlements of social workers; to our public schools, our vacation schools and play grounds, our winter lecture courses—in which, however, we do not yet equal New York—to our fresh-air funds and lakeside sanitariums for little folk in the summer season, and to many other beneficent activities. One uplifting and beneficent agency, however, which has approved itself to the thoughtful and the practical in cities farther east, Chicago has as yet hardly begun to utilize. This agency is the Home Library.

And what may that be? do you ask? The ideal Home Library, in this technical sense, is a carefully selected collection of about twenty books, with a standard, juvenile magazine or two, in a neat, substantial, portable case, accompanied by some simple system for keeping a record of its use, the whole put into the home of some family in a neighborhood devoid of books, there to serve as a reading centre for a neighborhood group of children. But this is not all, else might the desired interest on the part of the little community quickly die stillborn, even with one of the children put in charge as librarian.

It is but a few days since I heard an experienced, earnest librarian of a public library tell of the difficulties of library

work with schools. To books as books the children seem often singularly indifferent. Some personal mediator is necessary in the beginning to unlock for the child the storehouse of inexhaustible treasures they contain and start him on his quest. Hence the growing demand in library work for the children's story-teller and the "library-friend."

This need was recognized from the start in the plan for home libraries. With each one is associated the weekly visitor, who regularly meets the little group of ten or a dozen children in the home where the library has been placed, tells them stories, shows pictures, sings songs, plays games and becomes, in short their play-fellow, friend and guide. The effects of this intercourse are manifold and far-reaching; by no means confined to the children alone, nor to merely intellectual development. New ideals and aspirations, new hopes and social aims are developed in parents as well as children.

Of the Americanizing influence of the home library there can be no doubt. School teachers and librarians alike bear witness to the extraordinary thirst of many of these immigrant children for knowledge, particularly for a knowledge of this great new land in which they find themselves. Next to fairy tales, their greatest desire is for books of American history. Surely if we would develop in the foreign quarters of our city something higher than the heeler, the ward politician and the class of voters that these can control, we should meet the boys into "car-barn bandits" than to let it go on and then purest love of our country, the highest ideals of citizenship.

Chicago has achieved an unenviable notoriety for its outbreaks of crime, lawlessness and anarchy. Do we go far enough back with our efforts to check these "carnivals of crime"? Were it not better to prevent the evolution of our boys into "carbarn bandits" than to let it go on and then hang them to be rid of them? What brought them where they are, as they themselves declare? The education of the streets; the lack of good home influences. It is one of the supreme excellencies of the home library plan that it centers its influence in the home. It fosters both home life and neighborliness. It confers a little social distinction to house a home library, and the sense of an obligation to offer its hospitality once a week to the neighboring children and the weekly visitor tends to keep the little home, however humble, at its best. From this social hour the children scatter to their respective homes not merely each with a book, but with new ideas of the joys of comradeship and service. They read aloud at home to one another and to their parents who in many instances cannot read English. Or the children's books prove simple enough for the parents to read. In either case the older members of the family quite often become interested and books will be renewed or new ones chosen with reference to the wish of parent or older brother or sister. Then, through the visitor, they will hear of the great Public Library and its branches and be led to draw on its resources for further reading matter in English or in their own tongue.

The tactful, observant visitor studies her little group, enters into their life and its needs, helping in many ways to make the home life brighter and easier. Sometimes she is a sort of guardian angel to the child, finding perhaps that there is flagrant abuse of the little ones and calling in the salutary influence of the Juvenile Court to protect the innocent and bring parents to a sense of their responsibility.

It is significent that the first home library system was organized by a Children's Home and Aid Society, that of Boston. Thanks to the zeal of a children's librarian, Pittsburgh was the first city, to make the sending out of these little home collections a part of its Public Library work. Buffalo, Cincinnati and New York public libraries have since done the same. Perhaps some day Chicago's Public Library may do as much. For the present the work here depends on the generosity of its friends. For years past it has been carried on to some extent by both the Chicago Library Club and the Bureau of Charities.

It has proved its value but it needs concentration, organization and more adequate support. It cannot be successfully maintained by persons already overburdened with professional cares and responsibilities. To be properly effective the whole system should be in charge of a trained librarian and a child-lover, who can make it her chief concern. Such a superintendent has been found, ready to give her services for a very moderate salary and throwing herself heartily into the work while waiting for that salary to materialize. The volunteer visitors are also forthcoming. Money is needed, however, for books, cases and running expenses, including such expert supervision. Representatives of the two bodies that have so long carried on the work under many difficulties, appeal to the public for a guaranty fund of $1,000 a year for two years to enable them to demonstrate the practicability and usefulness of the plan. Subscription blanks have been prepared and subscribers will be kept informed of the progress of the work.

The prospective superintendent has already carefully collected and sifted the collections of books that had been in circulation, as well as new miscellaneous donations from various clubs and individuals, weeding out such books as were not adapted to the particular constituency to be reached. She has now 18 libraries in active service, one of them being a collection of 100 volumes at the Chicago Commons. All the others are in homes. Naturally the home libraries are traveling libraries as well, the collections being shifted to meet the needs of the various groups. For each group some one of the children acts as librarian, so that the circulation of the individual books is not confined to the day of the weekly visit and the story hour. Chicago Commons and the Neighborhood House are used as receiving centers.

Inquiries and correspondence should be addressed to Miss René B. Stern, Secretary of the Chicago Library Club, 5515 Woodlawn Avenue. M. E. H.

Correspondence.

PEACE SOCIETY PROGRESS.

Dear UNITY:

I have just devoted more than four precious hours to reading six back numbers of UNITY; they are of increasing interest. I left Chicago the 1st of August last for Minneapolis. This was my headquarters as agent of the American Peace Society for some six years before I came to Chicago in 1899. On my return we formed a ministers' peace society, R. J. Mendenhall, President, on October 22d. Yesterday I returned from Duluth, after five months' work there. We formed a Duluth Peace Society with Rev. Harry White as President.

With great respect,

(Signed) JOHN L. MERRICK, Agent of A. P. S.

Y. M. C. A. Rooms, Minneapolis, Minn., April 6, 1904.

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

LECTURES AND PULPIT SUPPLY—Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has a number of lectures on literary and social topics and is prepared to supply pulpits in the absence of the regular pastor. Address 196 E. Forty-fourth street, Chicago. Telephone, 1671 Drexel.

LECTURES AND COMMENCEMENT ADDRESSES—Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague, of Montclair, N. J., lecturer for the American Society of University Extension; the Brooklyn Institute, the Aldine Bureau, etc., will be in the west for two weeks in June and will be prepared to deliver commencement addresses and lectures on literary and social topics. For topics, dates, terms, etc., address 82 North Fullerton Ave., Montclair, N. J.

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